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Eng. Poetry vol 12
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Good Advice

TO THE LADIES:

SHEWING,

That as the World goes, and is like
to go, the best way for them is
to keep

UNMARRIED.

By the Author of the *True Born Englishman*.

LONDON,

Printed in the Year MDCCII.

3. Sept.

Good Advice

THE ADVICE

TO THE

That as the world is
to go, the only way
to keep

UNIMPAIRED

By the Author of the Ten Days' Journey

LONDON

Printed in the Year 1804

3. 1804

The Preface

THE
P R E F A C E.

AND now for the Beaus, the Poets, the Bullies, and the Blockheads, to be about a Man's Ears; every Man in his way crying down this poor Poem; some heartily Cursing it and the Author; others pretending to be mighty Criticks in Wit, call it a slight sorry Piece, that it wants Strength, Beauty, and Regularity: But pray Gentlemen, let your Thoughts be what they will, do not be hasty in openly crying it down. --- If
A you

The Preface.

you are a Married Man, they will say you are a bad Husband, and therefore are a Party concerned; and if you are Unmarried, they will suspect you intend not to make a good one; therefore if you are wise, you had better be silent: And to quiet you a little, I shall be so obliging as to give some account of the Publishing this Poem, or Satyr, or what you please to call it. -- There were several imperfect Copies of it spread abroad; I got the fullest I could find, and put it into the Booksellers Hand for Publick Good, and to contribute a little to reform a loose Age: For he that views the Lives and Manners of Men, will quickly observe that they need Reforming; and some are of Opinion, that the Distemper is too far gone to submit to any Remedies but a dreadful one: But, indeed, this is Published to preserve the Ladies from the Infection and the Mischief they design them, who openly cry
down

The Preface.

down every thing that is good. One Celebrated Author tells you, that the Notions of God, Good, and Evil, were things taken up by chance, meer Custom and Education, and this is plain to Humane Understanding. --- Another hath just now obliged the World with a Book, that, upon second Thoughts, he thinks there is not such a thing as an Immortal Soul, but that a Man dies like a Dog and so may Live like one. The famous Tol. must not be forgot, that loudly proclaims the Scriptures are a Forgery, and Jesus Christ a meer Man. These are the applauded Notions of the Wits, who proclaim they have too much Wit to have either Morality, or Religion, and by consequence either Honour, or Conscience: For all their Mortality must be of their own making, and what they think to be so; and we know well enough they will be for Liberty of Conscience in this Point, and not tied
up

The Preface.

up to the dull Rules of others. And when a Man shall see his King, or the General of a Nation, in a Foreign Land, Fighting for the Religion and Liberties of his People, and view a company of sauntering Creatures made up of nothing but Wigg and Impertinence, strolling about to pursue their Debaucheries, and censuring all the World; that the Chocolat-House, the Tavern, his Snuff-Box, and Play-House are his Ammunition, Stratagems and Field of Honour: I say, when we shall consider what Useless, or Mischievous wretched Creatures they are, what they do, and how they live, it raiseth an Indignation in every honest and brave Man's Mind that is not easily managed.

And then for the Poets and the Stage, they have been the Nurseries of all Debauchery: Scarce a Woman brought in, tho

The Preface.

tho' of the greatest Character, but she is represented as a Wh----- The Double-Dealer bath three Ladies, and all Debauched; and we are plainly told, That this is the Way of the World.

Marvel not then, that I should fortifie some of my Acquaintance against so spreading an irreparable Mischief as springs from too frequent a Conversation with Mankind, or having too good an Opinion of them; and I thought I could take no more effectual way than by addressing this Poem to them, which, by chance, came into my Hands; tho' I must declare I know nothing of the Author, nor who he is, nor where he lives, any more than is in the Title Page.

bood

But

The Preface.

But you will say, 'tis a great fault to persuade People against Marriage : I answer, That to the utmost of my Power I will ever Expose those Impious, Impertinent, Cowardly, Censorious Sauntring, Idle Wretches called Wits and Beaus, the Plague of the Nation, and the Scandal of Mankind. But if Lescbia is sure she hath found a Man of Honour, Religion and Vertue, I will never forbid the Banes ; let her love him as much as she pleases, and value him as an Angle, and be Married to morrow if she will.

Page

Good

Good Advice

TO THE
LADIES, &c.

I Hear, my *Lesbia*, you must be a Wife,
And taste the Comforts of a Married Life:
If you resolve on this, pray be content
To do as others do, and then repent.
Believe me, *Lesbia*, the teeming Earth,
Amongst the various Creatures she brings forth;
Yet never one produc'd that equal can
The Falshood and the Cruelties of Man.

But you are Fair, and your attracting Powers
Will tie him to you fast and make him yours.

B

Some

Some Kitchen Wench, or filthy thing that's grown
 The common Talk and Scandal of the Town :
 This loathsome Creature shall out-do thy Charms,
 And tear thy wretched Husband from thy Arms :
 Under thy Nose, hee'll keep the Baggage fine,
 And whatso'ere is Dear, and should be thine,
 She shall possess; and if you speak a word,
 O! then his Wife is not to be indur'd.
 A Jealous peevish thing, Diseas'd or Mad,
 Not fit for Commerce, nor the Marriage-Bed.
 The treacherous Ocean gently smiles from far
 To tempt on Board th' unwary Passenger;
 Suspecting nothing in a specious shew,
 And fondly trusting to so smooth a Brow.
 When past retreat, fierce *Boreas* Clouds the Skie,
 And throws the froathy Billows up on high,
 Then the sad Accents fill the troubled Air
 Of Men, surpriz'd with Ruin and Despair :

At last they're cast upon some dismal Coast;
 Their Lives, perhaps, are sav'd, but all their Comforts
 (lost.

Alas the Marriage-Shew is quickly gone!
 You'll see the stormy Days a coming on;
 Then the black Clouds and hideous Sights appear,
 Which you, poor patient Angel, cannot bear.

Oft have I seen a Bully reeling home,
 Drench't in the Rogueries of all the Town;
 Altho' 'tis by his Wife that he's grown Rich,
 Yet now he comes enquiring for his Bitch:
 The new-come Servant with a Scrape and Bow,
 Sayes, Sir, I tied her in the Kennel now.
 Curse on thee, for a Fool; I mean my Wife,
 That Plague, that Devil, that disturbs my Life;
 That Basilisk so hateful to my Eye,
 Whose sight disturbs and poisons all my Jeys.

'Tis Her ; go, Sirrah, call your Mistress here,
 The trembling Creature, almost dead with fear,
 Comes down ; the Villain, in a scornful way,
 Says, Where have you been Jilting all the Day ?
 How pleasant with your Rogues ! But when I come,
 You then are Melancholly, Sick and Dumb.
 Your Gallantries you keep others to please,
 I bear the weight of your Debaucheries ;
 My Purse pays off your Revels ; every Street,
 Rings, with the Assignations where you meet ;
 Whilst the poor Soul hath scarce a Petty-Coat,
 Nor Shooes, unless his Whore perswade him to't.

Just like a Statue stands the patient Wife,
 And dare not speak one word to save her Life :
 Insulted and abus'd, she now too late
 Laments the Burden of a Married State.

Corinna

Corinna, not long since' I'm sure you'll own
 Had Charms, and was admir'd by all the Town :
 You know *Corinna* now, and can there be
 A more forlorn and wretched thing than she ?
 And yet her Lover swore he'd prove as true
 As he that now prétends a Zeal for you.

Another sheds his Venom like a Toad,
 Which must his fairest Consorts Flesh corrode ;
 Struck like some Lilly by a Northern Blast,
 She shrinks under the Weight, and Dies as fast.

Sly *Charus* bangs his Wife, and doth profess,
 'Tis on mere Principles of Godliness.

Cites Scripture for to prove that Blows are good
 To cure the vicious Sallies of the Blood ;
 As necessary for his Wife as Food :
 Sometimes, by rougher means he must controul,
 And Plague her Body, for to save her Soul :

Thus

Thus soberly, and with affected grin;

This Devil pleads the Scripture for his Sin.

Late in the Night comes home a moody Sot,
 And he's grown sullen for the Lord knows what ;
 The officious Wife invites the Hog to Bed,
 Who only grunts, and squints, and hangs his Head :
 Come, says the patient Kitling, Husband come ;
 The surly Cur sits biting of his Thumb, }
 And looks as if he were Possess'd or Dumb
 Stretch't out, the Block-head rests, stirrs ne're a Limb,
 But lies all Night like *Michols* Teraphim.

But double Curses light on *Rimmon's* Head,
 Who had the Heart to beat his Wife in Bed ;
 To Pinch her, and to bid her, if she please,
 Make her Complaints, and shew her Grievances.

At publick Feasts *Bathillus* calls his Wife,
 His *Phillis*, and his Goddeß and his Life:

Yet

Yet this same *Phillis* but the Night before
 The Villain Kick'd, and turn'd her out of Door-
 Poor patient Creature ! Every Limb can prove
 The fatal Tokens of his cursed Love ;
 And what is ten times worse, this vicious Toad
 Shall pass for a good Natur'd Man Abroad.

But all their Crimes would to a Volume swell,
 As black as Sin it self, as deep as Hell ;
 As good to count the Sands, or drops of Dew,
 As tell the ways they'll take to ruine you.
 O *Eve* ! black was the Guilt that thou wast in !
 Or else the Curse is greater than the Sin.

But ne're was such a Husband, I dare swear,
 As lately happen'd to *Clarinda's* share,
 His Head went tapering like a Sugar Loaf,
 And every word he spoke was like an Oph ;

Short

Short was his Wit, but long enough his Chin,
 His Beard was Bristles, and his Jaws were thin:
 And yet this senseless Thing none durst controul,
 Industrious for to shew he was a Fool:
 Yet here's a Nymph to this old Satyr Sold,
 Because her Father knew the Fool had Gold:
 I'm sure you don't admire *Clarinda's* blifs
 That's tied to such a brainless Head as this.

Good Husbands, *Lesbia*, like hid Treasures are,
 Not to be found by Industry and Care;
 No Constellation, or enchanted * Rod,
 Can e're direct you to their blest abode:
 'Tis Chance that finds them out, not Wit nor Rules,
 And therefore commonly possess'd by Fools.
 Wisdom's no guide to th' Matrimonial State,
 The wiser Woman, and the worser Fate.

* A common thing to pretend to find out Treasure and Moneys, by an enchanted Rod.

Reports

Reports and Converse, probabilities
 That hold in other Things, are here meer Lyes;
 Had these been true; *Ammon* a Saint had been,
 Sweet his Deportment, and his Looks Serene,
 As if no Frown had e'er disturb'd his Brow,
 So apt his Words, so easily they flow,
 Soft as *Orlinda's* Hand, or new-faln Snow
 Nothing Affected, Stiff, Severe, or Odd,
 And Courted beauteous *Cloris* like a God.
 Ne'er *Grecian* Bard in an Immortal Strain
 E're sung a brighter, or more constant Flame:
 Not many Weeks the Marriage-Knot was ti'd,
 But beauteous *Cloris* look'd too like a Bride;
 The fond Caresses that the Goddess gives
 He with a yawning carelessness receives;
 Whilst she doth with her kinder Arts pursue,
 But cannot the expiring Flame renew,

C

Thus,

Thus, almost in the Circuit of a Moon,
She knows her Fate, and finds her self undone.

I'th' Temple, where Men take up their abode,
And Mammon, or a Mistress, is their God,
Lives *Ursine*, for his Practice not much known,
But as the Drum and Bully of the Town :
To make his Soul, kind Nature did dispense
Vast stores of Noise, and very little Sense,
Which Failure she supplied with Impudence :
His Body was proportion'd to his Soul :
In Lungs a Bear, in Head and Face an Owle ;
Part Goat, part Cormorant, and part an Ape,
Yet all these moulded to a humane Shape ;
Not so exact, but still the Beast was seen
In Features, Inclination, or his Mien ;
Witness his Horse's Nose, that doth dispence
Loud Neighings of salacious Impudence :

And

And yet this rumbling Tempest had the Art
 To Court successfully and gain a Heart;
 Which shews, when such a wretched thing can please,
 Women are wise in every thing but this.
 But blush you Readers all, when *Trinkelo*,
 That little Foot-man, sets up for a Beau;
 Sayes, he's belov'd, and makes the harmless grin,
 Just like a Ladies Monkey new made clean.

Fly then, Dear *Lesbia*, shun the Crocodile,
 Fierceto Devour, and subtile to beguile;
 Keep, dearest Saint, your Freedom whilst you may,
 Nor, for a trifle, sell you Joys away:
 Just like fall'n Spirits, to whom they'r near a kin,
 They'll tempt, and they'll plague you for the Sin.
 This Legion shall contrive to run you down,
 And make you guilty, tho' the crime's their own.

Perhaps you'll say this is preposterous;
In blaming others, I my self expose.

I hate Mankind, and were it not for shame,
I'll swear I'd Publickly disown the Name:
To be call'd Man, with me doth sound no more
Than if you call'd an honest Woman Whore.
The Clown, the Fool, the Tyrant, and the Hog,
The sly Deceiver, and the publick Rogue;
The Sot that's Drunk and flabbers all the Town,
The needy Poet, and the learned Drone,
The wrigling Creature, one that God thought fit
To make a Fool, yet thinks himself a Wit:
Gold Watch and Snuff-box set up such a Tool,
And twenty Bawbles more to please the Fool,
Shaves every day, and sets himself to shew,
I mean, that empty nauseous thing a Beau;

The

The only thing that recommend him can;
 Is, that he's more a Monkey than a Man.
 The Courtier that will fawn and cut your Throat,
 And sell his God and Country for a Groat,
 Who meditates Revenge, and when most crost,
 Looks sly, and hides his Sting and Venom most;
 These are, (and worse than these, if worse there can)
 The usual compounds of the thing call'd Man.

Stand up, you Sons of *Brass*, deny the charge,
 I know your Crimes and Consciences are large:
 You'll say 'tis false, a damned Calumny;
 But your own Actions give your Tongues the Lye.
 What e'er the Picture wants of being true,
 Is, that it looks not so deform'd as you.
 With decent Vails you cover o're your Shame,
 your basest Lusts you call a generous Flame,
 A Mistress is a thing too foul to Name.

Harden'd

Harden'd in Vice and Impudence, from hence
 You take the Character of Men of Sense:
 So if you judge according to these Rules,
 The Modest and the Virtuous all are Fools.
 False Lights and Paint makes your appearance fair,
 My Colours represent you as you are:
 I shew the true Completion of your Skin,
 And part of that Deformity within:
 For he that all your monstrous Parts can shew,
 Must have a better Hand than *Angelo*.
 If Credit to some Stories we can grant,
 Angels have tri'd their skill to draw a Saint:
 The Devil himself must come, before we can
 Have the exact resemblance of a Man;
 For if the World had skill, the Earth wants Stuff
 To make the Colours look deform'd enough.

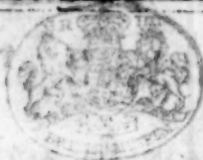
You'll

You'll say *Aurelia's* Choice doth happy prove;
 Old Age hath snow'd upon them, yet they Love :
Aminas dotes upon her wrinkled Brow,
 I know, my *Lesbia*, what you say is true;
 You say, a Man that's truly Good and Wise,
 Scorns thus to be Unjust and Tyrannise:

A true Wise Man's like a Prodigious Birth,
 A Rarity, and scarcely found on Earth.
 The Infant World might boast of such a Race;
 And tell us Men had Honesty and Grace :
 But in this Iron Age, Time downward rous,
 And gives us harden'd Bruits and rusty Souls.
 Your powerful Arts will all be at a loss
 To meet them, or to scour them from their Dross :
 That Chymistry is scarce yet understood
 To keep a Husband tolerably good.

My

My sum amounts hardly to half a score,
And I should sooner make them less than more.
I bring *Amintas* in that Number too,
And, in such odds, is one reserv'd for you?
Then, *Lesbia*, be as wise as you are Fair,
Despise Mankind, and keep you as you are.



F I N I S.

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